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EPISTLE

FROM

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq.

TO

Alderman G. FAULKNER,

With NOTES, &c. by the ALDERMAN and other AUTHORS

Cum scurris sartor.—

HOR.

DUBLIN:

Printed for and sold by the Bookfellers.

23h Howard
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great Encouragement I have met with as a Commentator, there being a large Sale of my Edition of Doctor Swift's Works and of the celebrated Epistle to Gorges Edmond Howard, going thro' six Editions before any Answer was made to that polite Letter, and having so great a demand for it that nothing but Watſon's Almanac was ever like it, has encouraged me to do the ſame Office for this Work, which is now juſt Publiſhed in its preſent Form, and is dedicated to the Author, the Reverend Doctor Lewis Burroghes, by his obedient Servant,

GEORGE FAULKNER.



A N

E P I S T L E

F R O M

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq. &c.

MY worthy old Friend, is not this very pretty,
That we who maintain such a Rank in the City,
Without

The Reverend Doctor Lewis Burroghes, Curate of St. Thomas's, Dublin, is the author of this epistle. He was bred a Sizer or Servitor, in the College of Dublin, and distinguished himself very much by his early disposition to write verses, which appeared by his inscribing epigrams on most of the Fellows trenchers, which he had an opportunity of handling after they had dined thereon. When he was too much hurried to conclude an epigram, which happened sometimes by the variety of his occupations in taking away the cloth, knives, spoons, forks and other eatables, he always filled up what was wanting in verse by the figure of a goose, a gander, or gosling, or some other emblematic type or shadow, expressive of his disposition for satire. Being very poor and having no livelihood, he advertised himself as a private tutor, to instruct youth in morality, religion, geography, law, physick, natural philosophy, botany, and the globes, at ten pounds per annum. Being taken into a gentleman's family

Without the least Error, Default or Misprision,

Should thus be made Objects of public Derision ?

Set

mily on these terms, he was much captivated by the beauty of a young lady who was sister to his pupil, and by the comeliness of his person, being a sleek man, and remarkably polite in his clothing, he made such a way in this young lady's affections, whose fortune was not in her own power, that he soon made a conquest of her person, but being also a man of great prudence, in which he was certainly very commendable, he left her to make the best of her own folly, thereby conveying a very useful lesson to all frail young women, and which he has often said he hopes (being the sole reason of his doing it) will be a timely warning to prevent other ladies from falling into such snares. He afterwards was preferred to a small living in the diocese of Derry, where he carried on the protestant religion with so much zeal against papists, especially of the Church of Scotland, that he suffered divers persecutions in consequence thereof, which he bore with the true meekness of a christian clergyman, being often kicked, cudgelled, bruised, tweak'd by the nose, and otherwise insulted, which he bore with great humility and patience. Hearing a great character of the Earl of Hertford's administration, as remarkable for fasts, homilies, penitence and true religion, he proposed himself to his Excellency to write epigrams, to support him against Mr. Flood, Brownlow, &c. who were seldom seen at church, which he did with great spirit and success, calling them geese, ganders, gossings, asses, and other opprobrious fowl and birds, in the Mercury. He was so persecuted for his witty allusions, that he found it necessary to publish an advertisement in my Journal, April 24, 1770, swearing thereby on the faith of a christian clergyman, that he had no concern, and never was the author of any production in said paper, and much blaming the printer Hoey, and other gentlemen, for discovering that the letter X in said paper, was his property, and that he was the author of many productions therein, which base conduct on their parts he resented so highly in this impudent indecent manner, proving a christian clergyman a liar to the ruin of his character, and the great scandal of his holy function, that it determined him to write in the Freeman's Journal without the letter X, and as seldom as possible to mention ganders, geese and gossings. Soon after he went into the North, where he was taken into the confidence of a gentleman of great sense and fortune, who had near lost his understanding by age and infirmities, and by the many spiritual comforts he administered to him, pretending to be a good Jacobite, and an old tory, in that condition he prevailed



Set up like two Cocks fetter'd fast by the Legs,
 Or stag'd like two Rogues, to be pelted with Eggs;
 Vile Eggs, which, you know, are the usual Artill'ry
 Discharg'd upon Culprits expos'd in a Pill'ry!
 Shall Men of our Consequence, Wealth and Condition
 Such Treatment endure with a servile Submission;

And

vailed on him to suppress all ties of blood and alliance, and bequeath his fortune to a stranger, instead of three very deserving daughters and their issue, who were disinherited. The Doctors true reason for this was not to make himself necessary to the heir for the sake of the legacy which was left him, but for the honour of the church, shewing it is necessary to pay them respect in all families, and that though a christian clergyman may be tweaked by the nose, kicked, cuffed, and buffeted, yet the Church shall abide, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. He hath the happy art of persuading old ladies who do not think of their souls till they are in the other world, to leave legacies in his hands for the poor, which he applieth to the best purposes, making himself and family, otherwise poor and distressed, in a comfortable way thereby, until he is called upon in a public manner, to the scandal of the church, when he produceth receipts signed after the complaints from which his exemplary life and conduct as heretofore mentioned taketh away all colour. His great genius for poetry has not only appeared in his preaching a sermon on the finest text in Exodus, chap. 33, v. 23, on Christmas day, "I will take away mine hand" and thou shalt see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen." but also by writing birth days odes, in the manner of Mr. Victor, at the moderate price of half a guinea, poetry and stationery were included.

Set up like two Cocks fetter'd fast by the Legs. }—This alludeth to the custom of throwing at Cocks on Shrove-Tuesdays, which are brought to market with their heads hanging down.—N. B. They are very good for making chicken broth, and particularly useful in glysters.—

And silently stand, like a Pair of old Ganders,
Unhurt and unmov'd by such insolent Slanders ?

Tho' whilom disjoin'd by a foolish Dissention,
The Causes of which it is needless to mention ;
Yet now, when involv'd in one common Calamity,
Let common Resentment restore us to Amity ;
Combining our Forces, for Self-preservation,
Against these Disturbers and Pests of the Nation ;
Who never can hope to escape with Impunity,
Provided we act but with Courage and Unity.
But e'er we resolve on proceeding to Blows,
In Prudence we ought to be sure of our Foes.

And who, do you think, were the Junto of Writers,
The dull Annotators, and Dogg'rel enditers,

The

And silently stand like a pair of old Ganders.]—Ganders are a he Goose, which are to be seen in company with Ducks, Hens, Peacocks, and other birds of their own gender, in the yards of farmers, and walking about inns, in the country.—Tis remarkable that they never open their lips after they come to a certain age, and bear all kinds of hard names and abuse without a word, in the way of repartee or answer, there is therefore great justice in comparing Mr. Howard and me to said animals.

The Witlings employ'd to be-note and be-rhime us,
 But Courtney the Scribler and Jephson the Mimus !
 Pert Dennis the Doctor, that ignorant Wight,
 And Simcox, whose Name I should blush to recite ;

B With—

Courtney the scribbler.—John Courtney Esq; he is looked upon as a man of sense and book learning, by the Lord Lieutenant, Doctor Leland, Dean Merlay, Captain Jephson, and other birds of that feather, tho' he hath a very bad character in the Freeman and Hibernian Journal, and the great patriot Doctor Lucas often declared he hated the sight of him.—He is also accused of dealing in comical comparisons, Irony and out of the way similitudes in the Mercury, whereby much offence hath been taken by the patriots and other friends to government, for which crime, with great justice and inhumanity the Doctor giveth him the scandalous title of Courtney the scribbler.

Jephson the Mimus.—He is thought by some prejudiced people, to be a man of fine parts and endowments, that hath lived a great deal with modern wits, lords, ladies, players and other coxcombs, tho' I never saw him at any corporation, entertainment, or any other place of genteel resort in the city, nor my nephew Todd neither. He hath so wicked a disposition for ridicule, that at the age of twelve, he used to imitate members of parliament, lords and other public speakers, in such a manner as to occasion great mistakes in families, and would repeat every word of a long speech so exactly after he heard it, that it very much offended, and gave great scandal to the original proprietor, who did not wish that what he said should be remembered. He is also a great coward, which is proved by his being ill after the siege of Belleisle, and Mr. Howards reasons for not cudgelling him. Most people pretend to be very fond of him, because they are afraid of his laughing at them, and I was so myself, till doctor Burroghes convinced me, that he often ridiculed me and my nephew Todd, to the great disgrace of the whole city, as Doctor Burroghes sayeth, he doeth to the Lord Lieutenant, after he hath made him drunk and put him off his guard when he is harrassed with business, for further particulars how he is a Momus, a liar, a mimic, a coward, a Mimus, a beggar, a buffoon, a dunce and a wit; see his Character at larger by the doctor.

Pert Dennis the Doctor.—He is one of the most nefarious, horrid, atrocious, wicked, barbarous, detestable characters of the present age,

With—O my dear George (what I grieve should be said)

Our noble chief Ruler himself at their Head!

A Man

age, preaching without book in the pulpit, acting serjeant Kite, who was six foot high when he was a boy in the College, with a lame leg, making speeches to a wig-block that could not answer him, and being preferred by the Lord Lieutenant, who might have made more advantage of his living, by bestowing them on the Reverend Doctor Burroghes, who as he sayeth of himself in the Mercury, preacheth not barren and dry morality, but evangelical righteousness, opens and explains the original scriptures, and seems to be learned in the sacred language—for further particulars see his history in the poem.

Our noble chief Ruler himself at their Head!—G. V. T. L. L. of I. He had in England the character of an honest gentleman, a brave and skilful officer, and a man of extraordinary wit and parts, but he has lost it since his being in Ireland, by a continued course of the most opprobrious conduct, setting his face against the old servants of government, who did the affairs of the nation by wholesale and retail, and never failed to carry a Lord Lieutenant through the sessions, provided he did not impertinently interfere about his own business. He recommended the octennial bill, though he knew Mr. P. was an enemy to it, and consented to a tax of four shillings in the pound on absentees, though many great men in England who never came here, were to lose a fifth part of their income thereby. He hath likewise ruined this kingdom, by procuring a reward for transporting Irish linen, whereby the price of that necessary commodity is so encreased, and the manufactures at so desperate a pinch, that the poor weavers and other natural born Irishmen, can get no work, the demand is so great, nor procure shirts, or shifts to cover the nakedness of their wives for love or money; it has also produced a scarcity of old rags to make paper, whereby they are become dearer, and produced many other mischiefs. He is so unnatural a father, uncle, kinsman, &c. that he hath never made any provision for four sons, nephews, daughters, nieces or cousins, &c. by any commissions, places, reversions of state offices, bishoprics or regiments. At a time when a question in the house has been depending, he has been known to refuse a favour to a member of parliament, though said member has at the same time threatened to vote against him for the good of his country. He is so notorious for cowardice that to avoid the danger of being in London, or at Rainham in time of war, he went a volunteer on the expedition under General Wolfe, to Canada, at that time the pleasantest part of America,

A Man in his Converse so free and facetious,

On ev'ry Occasion so kind and so gracious ;

B 2

That

America, where being the third in command, and putting said General in the heat of the battle, he contrived to have him killed, in order to make way for General Monckton's being wounded that he might sign the capitulation himself, and have the pleasure of betraying his country. General Wolfe had so bad an opinion of him that in all his letters he mentions him with much respect as acting with great spirit and diligence, in hopes that he might be recalled, to serve his country some where else, and get himself killed as he was like to be by the hands of providence, when an engineer was shot dead by his side at the battle of Quebec. After his return to Europe he went with great fear and trembling to Germany, because it was the fashion, where Prince Ferdinand often returned him thanks for his services, which was understood by all the officers, to be as much as if he had said your humble servant Sir, God be with you, which I am often obliged to do in my own way of dealing, when I am questioned about spurious advertisements, deaths of live gentlemen, marriages of bachelors, and other business foreign to my profession. He served afterwards in Portugal, and was greatly in the esteem and confidence of Count La Lippe Buckeburgh, who was known to be a great friend to the interests of Portugal ; as this much to the disgrace of Lord T——— d as that court has behaved very ungratefully to England ever since, and is in danger of a rupture with our merchants. He was also Aid de Camp to the late Duke of Cumberland, in the war before last in Flanders, where he kept close to his side, in order to be safe as his Royal Highness, was remarkably careful in not exposing himself to danger, and never got a wound but by accident, and when it might as well have shot his Aid de Camp or any body else. Besides these misdemeanors he often walks about the public streets in his boots, without guards, tho' he is told in the Freeman's Journal, and other papers, that he will be knocked in the head if he ventures abroad. He often keepeth his company waiting dinner above three quarters of an hour, and kisseth and playeth with his children in the presence of Archbishops, Privy Counsellors, Lords, Earls, and the gravest men in the nation. He has been often known to laugh before he went into council, and after he came out of it to the great scandal of all the battleaxes, mace bearers and others, who are accustomed to a more Lord Lieutenant like behaviour in his predecessors. He is so profound a dissembler that he will look steadily in a gentleman's face for some minutes

That, tho' the Discov'ry had come from Apollo,
 I ne'er should have thought him so base and so hollow !
 But now, when too late, I perceive to my Cost
 My Friendship misplac'd, and my Confidence lost ;
 And find that Contempt is the only Reward
 I'm likely to gain, from this pitiful Lord ;

Who

minutes before he intends to draw his picture, and is strongly suspected to be the natural born son of the humerfome Mr. Hogarth, the limner, to which Dr. Burroghes referreth in his appellation of son of old Hogarth. He also giveth annuities out of his own pocket, with money to old worn out serjeants, corporals, private soldiers, and other clergymens widows, to the encouragement of beggars in our metropolis. He is also a company keeper with Dr. Pomposo, Capt. Jephson, Dean Morlay, Mr. Courtney, and other enormities too tedious to insert. He was such a lover of arbitrary power and the army that he got a national militia established in England, at which the Duke of Cumberland was so enraged that he fell into fat, and died about twelve years afterwards ; not to mention that he contrived to pass an act of parliament for keeping twelve thousand men in Ireland, whereas the nation always paid for the same number before, and thought themselves very happy in not being troubled with their company when they wanted to make any use of them. He also obliged Mr. P. to be a door-keeper in the House of Commons, and put Mr. Pery into the chair to affront him, as this gentleman never maketh any mistakes, and is perfectly acquainted with the orders of the house, for the purpose of mortifying his predecessor. For further particulars see his history at large in the poem.

And find that contempt is the only reward.]—I think myself hereby particularly called on to declare my utter abhorrence of this inuendo, and also furthermore to attest, that I have no act or part, in the aforesaid epistle, and that I strove with all my might to dissuade Doctor Burroghes, well foreseeing the baleful consequences ; his excellency the Lord Lieutenant having always countenanced me with particular marks of his favour, more especially by sending unto me, twenty dozen of the best Madeira wine I ever tasted, which has been no small consolation unto me in all my various afflictions since the publishing
 said

Who, so it diverts him, accounts it no Matter
 What Characters he and his Colleagues bespatter;
 All Parties and Persons, the Subject of Gibe,
 And Food for Derision to him and his Tribe!
 E'en they, who regarding his Office and Station,
 Have always upheld this Contempt of the Nation,

And

said epistle. Now considering my great avocations in law affairs and agencies, in writing play-books, law, affidavits about lady Howth and Mr. Edmond Burke; and how little I could do to serve his excellency out of parliament; for which said reasons I stood candidate for the city, and lost my election by bribery, and not corrupting the morals, and giving drink to to my constituents, now I do hereby declare that I think myself overpaid for all my demands, and do by these presents for aforesaid reasons discharge, acquit, and release his said excellency from all further obligations, notwithstanding those false charges contained in an uncharitable pamphlet wrote in my name, albeit, it was not wrote nor published by me, which proves the licentiousness of the press and the total perversion of civil liberty.

G. E. HOWARD.

Even, they who regarding his office and station.—This is a proper and merited rebuke on the authors of my character, for it is well known, that I am a count of the holy roman empire, and always carry the queen of Hungary's picture in my snuff-box. In my own opinion, I wrote several excellent pamphlets in support of L. Townshend's Administration, and employed six amanuenses for his service, and proved that he prorogued the parliament, because they rejected the money bill, which was of great advantage to his government on being told that I was mistaken, and that it was for *the reason assigned*, which was *illegal* and unconstitutional, that the parliament was prorogued, I candidly acknowledged my error, and apologized for it, by saying that I had not read Poyning's act, nor any of the controversial writings of either side; on which Mr. Macklin the player very impudently told me, "that that might have been a very good reason for not writing at all, but was a damned bad Apology."—I just mention this to shew what infinite prejudice that cursed epistle has been to government, in altinating three men of the greatest abilities from his excellency, viz. Mr. Howard, the reverend Mr. Burroughs, and myself.

Caldwell. F. P. S.

And still for his Service their Talents employ,
 Are mimick'd by Jephson, and libell'd by Hoey !
 In fact, my Lord Sancho, (for so I shall stile him)
 Let who will applaud him, or who will revile him,
 Their Foibles and Failings promiscuously blends,
 And makes no Distinction of Foes or of Friends ;
 Each singular Cast and Expression of Feature,
 Unhappy Defect or Perversion of Nature,
 Dimension of Mouths and Extention of Noses,
 This Son of old Hogarth, describes and exposes ;
 And all, be assured, (for I tell you no Fable)
 Must sit for their Pictures, who sit at his Table ;
 Where none can be safe from that plaguy Utensil,
 That active and terrible Weapon, his Pencil,
 Which fatal Quebec can Conviction afford,
 He wields with more Spirit and Skill than his Sword !

O George, what an Insult is this to the Realm,
 That such a Buffoon should be plac'd at the Helm !
 A Wretch, who, whole Ev'nings, can closeted sit,
 With Mimicks and Sycohpants clubbing his Wit !

To Courtney can bring himself down to a Level,
 With Momus can gibe, and with Donnagh can revel ;
 Low Donnagh, that Orator justly derided,
 Who speech'd in a Club, where a Wig-block presided ;
 And shew'd, by that Proof of his Sense and Discretion
 How much he esteem'd and became his Profession.

Then let the poor Pedagogue make no Apology
 For failing to publish his promis'd Chronology ;
 Since all, who remember the Wretch in the College,
 Remember him void of all Learning and Knowledge ;
 And know, that the Creature, with all his Loquacity,
 Was never possessed of the smallest Capacity,
 To pen half a Page, or compose half a Section,
 With common Propriety, Sense or Connection.

O ! who can forget the ridiculous Sight
 The Animal made when he limp'd Serjeant Kite !
 Or when at the Castle (a Thing more prodigious !)
 He put on the Mask of a Habit religious !
 Where all, who beheld him disguis'd as a Friar,
 Quite shock'd and astonish'd stood up to admire

An English Divine, without Shame or Compunction,
Degrading his Gown, and disgracing his Function !

And yet this Contempt and Reproach of his Order,
Whose Pulpit-harangues upon Blasphemy border,
Maintains the chief Place in Lord Sancho's Opinion,
His Confessor, Counsellor, Fav'rite and Minion ;
Still near him, in Scenes of all public Resort,
The Droll of his Table, and Wit of his Court ;
Where Vice and dull Impudence meet with Promotion,
In preference to Lit'rature, Virtue, Devotion !

And, O my dear Alderman, what shall I say
Concerning that long-legged, strolling Abbe,

Who

And O my dear alderman what shall I say,]—The doctor is doubtful what he shall say concerning the reverend Dean Marlay dean of Ferns, who hath long legs and is much given to walking upon them. He is so vain and self sufficient that he hardly ever asked a favour of any man, and he holds long parleys or terms of capitulation with the Lord Lieutenant, when he had better give him some spiritual advice for the good of his soul, of which he hath sundry opportunities, at levees, public dinners, and in mixed companies. He is so light a poetaster, that he never wrote one tragedy or epic poem, and he is so flimsy a divine that he is much and unjustly admir'd for his preaching, he seldom takes a text from the revelations or explains any mysteries which is the true use of a christian clergyman. He is not ashamed of
being

Who oft with his Excellence holds a long Parley,
 The vain, self-sufficient, satirical M—rl—y ;
 In whose Composition so closely combine
 The light Poetafter, and flimsy Divine !
 This famous half-laic we frequently meet,
 Link'd fast to some Red-coat patrolling the Street ;
 And oft in some Nook of the Theatre stuck,
 May see, with his Glass, the canonical Buck ;
 A Vagrant renown'd for his Gibes and his Sneers,
 The Friend of low Wits, and Companion of Peers ;

C

In

being seen walking the streets with the Earl of Anc——m, Captain Sheffington, and Jephson, and Mr. Packenham, tho' they are officers and wear red coats, and he is so short sighted, that when he goes to a play he is obliged to use a glass which is very indecent in a clergyman. He is almost as notorious for sneers, gibes and satires, as the dean of St. Patricks, which was the worst vice the dean had and made many enemies thereby. He is so much given to ill nature that he hardly ever looketh in my face or my nephew Todd's without laughing, and tho' he is so much courted and caress'd, by great and small, young and old, little and big, tis only a proof that they hate, detest, abhor, avrid and abominate him, and wish to lead him into snares which must soon end in his ruin, and hath already worn him very thin, and made him a vagrant like Æneas or the wandering Jew.

Strolling abbe.]—Abbés are french clergymen who wear bands when they are undressed, and black coats like Dean Marlay. I am told that clergywomen in popish countries often wear the same habit.

In Public carefs'd by the Great and the Small,
But secretly censur'd and hated by all.

And surely the Man, who, from Choice and Affection,
Could cull out two Chaplains of such a Complexion;
We well may suppose, without Shame or Remorse
Might constitute Momus, his Master of Horse;
A Varlet, whose petulant Freedoms and Lies,
In Justice and Honour I ought to chastise,
Save only, that some might reflect upon H—w—rd,
For drubbing so mean and so noted a Coward.
But lest what I say, should be thought an Aspersion,
I'll mention a fact to support my Assertion.

What Time the proud Spaniard, with France in
Alliance,
By haughty Replies, put our Arms to Defiance;
Our Troops, with Alacrity, march'd tow'rd the Main,
Determin'd to humble the Spirit of Spain;

When

When lo, our poor Mimic, who lik'd not the Frolic,
 Was suddenly seiz'd with a Fit of the Cholic ;
 And strictly forbid by his cautious Physician,
 To venture Abroad in so weak a Condition.

Lord Sancho, whose Courage is not his chief Merit,
 Observing in Momus, a similar Spirit,
 No doubt, was induc'd with the greater Avidit,
 To fix on a Man, of his prudent Timidity ;
 Whose soldierly Virtues, so very well known,
 Might serve as a Foil and Defence to his own.

And

Lord Sancho whose courage is not his chief merit.—Among many proofs of cowardice which my uncle hath given in his short history of the Lord Lieutenant, he forgot to mention another which is very material. Returning on board admiral Saunders from America, the admiral heard off the coast of England, that Sir Edward Hawkes fleet was in pursuit of the French, and he proposed to Lord Townshend to land him at Plymouth or some other place, and to proceed in pursuit of Sir Edward, but Lord Townshend knowing that he was only a land officer, and that none but seamen would be in danger on board in a sea-fight, insisted on not being put on shore, as time might be lost and proceeded with the admiral. This is also a proof of his love of soft ease and aversion to action, as no carriage is so easy as a man of war, and after a few broad sides the sea grows as smooth and as calm as a duck-pond. And this I know by going on board a ship to the East-Indies, and returning in the same manner to my uncle's house in Essex-Street, Thomas Todd.

And Momus, who long, on a scanty Commission,
 Had liv'd in a fordid and wretched Condition ;
 Oft stooping to borrow from all that would lend,
 And hang for his daily Support on a Friend ;
 Or, what to a generous Mind must be worse,
 Supply with his Jokes, the Defects of his Purse ;
 And, finding himself by that Conduct a Winner,
 Could play the Buffoon—for the Sake of a Dinner :
 Now tir'd, and asham'd of his mendicant Tricks,
 And pleas'd with a Prospect his Fortune to fix ;
 And having besides, to low Wit and Festivity,
 By Nature and Habit, a happy Proclivity ;
 In point of good Policy, could not be loth
 To flatter and sooth the great Patron of both.

Thus, coupled and link'd by the Causes recited,
 Were Sancho and Momus in Friendship united.
 A teeming Ivention, of Scandal prolific,
 A Genius for Gibing, a Temper pacific ;

A Love of soft Ease, and Aversion to Action,
Drew each to the other by mutual Attraction.

But what Incitation or Motive in Nature,
Could make my Lord Sancho so abject a Creature,
With Courtney, the Scribler, to plod and negotiate,
And traffic with Simcox, his shabby Associate ;
Can only be solv'd by his fatal Propension,
To cotton with Dunces of ev'ry Dimension !

Set

With Courtney the scribbler.] For an account of this gentleman see my former note.

And traffic with Simcox his shabby associate.]—The reverend Mr Simcox is a clergyman, very negligent in his dress, and hath a pock marked face, which doth great prejudice to the christian religion, as it preventeth many converts from becoming protestants, whereas the reverend Doctor Burroghes is allowed to be as orthodox in his person as he is in his doctrines and practice, this remark was made by the widow Pullein on her death bed—tho' otherwise I have heard nothing to the prejudice of said Simcox, who is reckoned a man of good understanding and morals.

To cotton with dunces of every dimension.]—The largest man I ever saw was Cornelius Magrath the tall Irish youth, who was seen for six-pence a piece at the sign of the sceptre and cushion in College-green, Dublin. He was a very great dunce and so was the little woman who travelled about for a puppet shew along with him. This rule doth not always hold, as no body is more cute than myself and the Earl of Chesterfield, who is remarkable for not being of large dimensions.

Old Sancho, that Rules recorded by Fame,
 From whom our Great Viceroy deduces his Name ;
 Possess'd as a Governor, Talents and Pow'rs,
 Which render'd him vastly superior to ours.
 For say, can Lord T—n—d with Sancho compare,
 In ruling the Island consign'd to his Care ?
 Maintaining Decorum, supporting his Dignity,
 And acting with Justice, as well as Benignity ?
 And yet we must own, that his Lordship was ever,
 In certain Respects, more distinguished and clever.
 For not to extol his good Sense, to connive at
 And suffer, all Insults both public and private ;
 Our Sancho by far Sancho Pancha surpasses,
 In loving good Fare, and in Fondness for Asses !
 For Pancha, who long had been sav'd by his Pony,
 In point of pure Gratitude made him his Crony ,

And

For Pancha who long had been served by his Pony.]—Pony is a Welsh
 horse which the doctōr calleth the ass that Sancho rode on, for he is
 always

And thought with good Reason, that this was the least,
 He ow'd to so kind and so useful a beast;
 But T—nf—d, whose social Regards are less bounded,
 With every low brute of the kind is surrounded;
 And tho' the vile Herd could a Kingdom devour,
 Provides for them all, to the best of his Pow'r,
 For, not to reflect on his pious Intentions,
 To load this poor Island with Places and Pensions ;
 His hatching new Schemes, to supply him with Boons,
 For all his low Parasites, Wits and Buffoons ;
 Yet surely his Bounty and Grace have conferr'd
 Already too much on the infamous Herd ,

For

always very satirical on men and beasts, calling them asses, whenever he is angry. He once preached an excellent sermon that on the subject of Balaam's ass, proving with great learning and ingenuity in the original scriptures, it was not a jack ass, as the learned Rabbis and Stackhouse thinketh, but a she one that Balaam beat so cruelly, because she did not furnish him with a proper quantity of milk, she being in foal, when he was in the last stage of a galloping consumption. I myself have beheld these animals carrying tinkers children about the country, they are not used in state coaches, carts or waggons at present.

And

Welsh
 he is
 always

For ~~has~~ he not (take the whole Junto together)
 Set Momus on Horseback to ride—you know whither!
 Appointed dull Courtney a Barrack-inspector,
 Made Simcox a Vicar, and Donnagh a Rector!
 And shortly, perhaps, may adorn with a Mitre
 The Skull of Pomposo, that wonderful Writer ;

Set momus on horseback to ride you know whither.]—This alludeth to the famous old saying, set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the Devil. This is one of the most beautiful lines in the whole poem, containing a severe satire on Captain Jephson, and a fine reference to the proverb which I have explained for the satisfaction of the reader as the meaning is not immediately obvious.

The Skull of Pomposo that wonderful Writer.]—Pomposo is a name given to Doctor Samuel Johnson, who, notwithstanding he published the English Dictionary, is not supposed to know more grammar than the Rev. Doctor whom our poet satirizes. His books being the life of Philip of Macedon, Translations of Demosthenes, a Dissertation on the principles of Human Eloquence, and a Controversy with Warburton Bishop of Gloster, though they are in much esteem, and bought and read by all scholars and men of letters in both kingdoms, yet as Dr. Burroughes says, they are not wrote in good grammar, which will stop their future character, and he is so wrong headed that tho' my shop in Parliament-street, is as well known as the king's highway, Effex-bridge, or any other celebrated thorough-fare in Europe, yet he has preferred to publish an History of Ireland in London, which throweth a great reflection on his native country, and is as much as to say that printing is done better in London than in Dublin. For further particulars see his own works, particularly his controversy with Bishop Warburton.

Who learn'd, without Grammar his Thoughts to convey,
 And chatter Law-latin more glib than a Jay;
 His knowledge so deep, that no Science can fount,
 Nor Intellect fathom the frothy Profound!

How wretched the Man, who like Sancho, depends,
 On such a low Set of self-interested Friends!
 Still loads them with Favours, and still for his Pains,
 Is held in Contempt by the Crew he sustains!
 Nay more, by the Creatures (oh horrid Disgrace)
 Is often derided, and mock'd, to his Face!
 For surely a Fact long reported by many,
 Can now be no longer a Secret to any;

D

That

And chatter law latin more glib than a Jay.]—I knew a Jay, that lived in an attorney's family in Thomas-street, who had a whole affidavit in law latin by heart, by hearing the attorney tutoring a client to prove himself a witness to Acheson Moore, Esq; of Revelle's will, in which the Rev. Doctor Burroghes was greatly concerned.

Nor intellect fathom the frothy profound.]—This alludeth to a quart of porter or a barber's basin, which is all froth at the top, and very deep to the bottom, so that the longest nose cannot fathom it. It is very entertaining to see a young lady who hath scarce a hair upon her chin, plunging, diving and emerging herself into a quart of porter, whereby barbers would be apt to make a mistake and put a towel under her chin in order to proceed to shaving her beard. This accident happened once to a niece of my own, who underwent the operation, which occasioned a beard and other misfortunes too tedious to mention.

That Momus whose insolence never knew bound,
 But spreads and improves, as the Bottle goes round ;
 When finding Lord Sancho exhausted and harrafs'd
 With Wine over charg'd or by Bus'ness embarrass'd,
 Exposes his Follies, with so much severity,
 Such high Ridicule, and such comic Asperity,
 As renders his Lordship, when us'd with this Rigour,
 A truly-distressing and pitiful Figure !

O Sancho, how great and how shameful the Crime,
 Amid Dissipation to squander your Time ;
 The highest Indignities tamely abiding,
 Derided by Dunces, and Dunces deriding !
 Your boasted Ascendancy, gain'd with such Cost,
 Thus vilely employ'd, you unwittingly lost ;

Nor

Your boasted ascendancy gain'd with such cost.]—His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, had a considerable majority in parliament at the opening of the present sessions, but like a bad politician not suspecting the good sense of gentlemen who promised from the beginning to support his measures, he neglected to make them a gratification for every question, by which many members who promised to be his friends vo-

te 1

Nor knew, when you sat with your Mimicks diverted,
 Your Foes had prevail'd, and your Friends had deserted;
 Deserted a Man, to his Party ungrateful;
 A Man, whose Misconduct makes Government hateful
 A Man, whom no worthy or noble Incentive
 Can rouse to his Duty, or render Attentive;
 So abjectly mean, that he counts it no fault,
 To act without Spirit, and live without Thought.

Tho'

ted against him, to the great satisfaction of Mr. P——y, and the Freeman's Journal; and would be a particular pleasure to Doctor Lucas, but that he was prevented by dying, from being in the world at present. N. B. I gave him a very fine character in my Journal, and also in my former notes on the Epistle to Mr. Howard; to which, I refer the candid reader.

Deserted a man to his party ungrateful.]—The Lord Lieutenant is so ungrateful to his friends, that he will not give them the pleasure of making a promise till he is sure of performing it, which giveth great offence to many members who are accustomed to the obliging manners of Mr. P——y who never refused any thing that was asked of him, tho' he was sure he cou'd not perform it. This I am told was also the constant practice of the late Duke of Newcastle, who made more friends thereby than any man in England, and was so much respected that it became a saying, 'tis as sure as if the Duke of Newcastle promised it, as we say of a merchant or banker of credit, tis as sure as Ben. Burton.

Tho' happy Hibernia most sensibly feels,
 It was not your Lordship dispos'd of the Seals ;
 Yet he, possessor that eminent Trust,
 A man so judicious, discerning and just ;
 Had made thee more wise, could thy Folly and Pride,
 Have deign'd to make choice of so prudent a Guide.
 But now, it were needless and vain to require,
 His Aid and Direction, when doom'd to retire ;
 When doom'd, from the Land you oppress, to depart,
 With guilt in your Visage, and grief at your Heart.

But still, peradventure, Lord Sancho supposes,
 He yet may contend, and may yet reckon Noses ;

Still

*It was not your Lordship dispos'd of the seals.]—*Tis well known that the Lord Lieutenant did every thing in his power to make the Lord Chancellor of an Irishman, which made him for some time very unpopular, because there being four or five gentlemen who were well qualified for the office, it would have made enemies of all the kingdom, who were not Lord Chancellors.

*He yet may contend and may yet reckon noses.]—*The doctor hereby referreth, to the old custom of formerly reckoning members of parliament in voting by their noses, but as this occasioned divers mistakes,
 when

Still fondly imagines, that Hely and Phil,
 His pow'r may support, let him act as he will;
 Nay haply may think, that he cannot miscarry,
 Sustain'd by the Shoulders of worthy Sir Harry:
 But Hely and Phil, who, for sometime unaided,
 Have drawn in the Traces, appear to be jaded,
 And Harry, who seems the vile Office to loath,
 Will shortly deposit his Burthen at Howth,
 And, there when it's left, may expect to procure,
 For all his past Kindness,—a Caricature.

when the tellers were not sharp sighted enough and could not see those members that had small, or no noses, and sometimes reckoned those who had large ones for two, it was therefore abolished, and members are now counted by their bodies which is generally larger, and preventeth all confusion.—A particular Act of Parliament was made in favour of the nose, called the Coventry Act, to prevent its being cut off and other accidents with impunity.

I have with great care and the assistance of my friends, explained all the difficult passages of this poem, and shall conclude with giving the public a collection of epigrams, formerly printed in the Mercury, by the reverend Doctor Burroghes, with the reference to each, as they will afford a more humorous and witty entertainment, than any further observations I can make at present,

Batchelor, No. 17.

Nor doth the power to hiss and slander,
 Exceed the genius of a gander.

X.

Batchelor 1 V. Page 62.

A Goose in the oven! no Sir its a slander,
As sons who discovered the feet can declare,
For it was not a goose, but you a poor gander,
(As fools will be peeping) who trust your head there.

X.



67 Batchelor No. 25, Page 105.

The great Doctor Phlogos has published an order
That Counsellor Gesslin shall be our Recorder.

X.

An Epigram on reading the above.

We'er threatned by Phlogos with an action of slander,
For calling his fav'rite the son of a gander,
In answer to which we shall plead no excuse
But shew that the Doctor himself is a goose,
So he and his goslin as birds of a feather
May both, when they please, bring their actions together.

X.

Another punishment proposed after the gander.

Batchelor V. 1st, P. 69.

Heigh ho! he that wicked bird produce
The gander that defamed the goose.

X.

Another Epigram.

How shall we use the wicked gander,
That goes about retailing slander,
Why since in scandal he delights
Let him read all that Phlogos writes.

X.

Besides the above already printed in the Mercury, the Doctor hath sent me the following, on the supposed authors of the epistle to Mr. Howard, which I now publish no less for a punishment to those gentlemen, than to shew in how many different ways the Doctor can say the same thing and mention that noxious animal a goose.

On the Lord L——t.

Lord Sancho not knowing the price of our goods,
 And thinking our wits had a wool gathering gone,
 Made a purchase of poultry in one of his moeds
 But found many ganders instead of a swan.

X.

On the Rev. Dean M——l——.

Dean M——l——y resembling a long legg'd gander,
 Patrolleth our streets still retailing of slander,
 A white wigg'd Abbe full of gibes and of sneers,
 To please a low set of contemptible peers.

X.

On Captain Jephson,

Lo Jephson the Mimus and pitiful Momus,
 The master of horse to the revelling Comus,
 To gibe and to slander he sets himself loose,
 And rails at his friends like a petulant goose.

X.

On Dr. Pomposo.

Pomposo like a quart of porter
 Profound in froth and legal latin,
 Is now a favourite at our court here,
 And soon may add lawn sleeves to satin.
 His way to fame by goose's quill
 Instead of nobler weapon makes,
 And if you listen to him still
 Priscian complains whene'er he speaks.

X.

On Mr. Courtney.

Dull Courtney the scribbler and vile poetaster,
 A barrack inspector, or poor quarter-master,
 As green as a gossin in genius and wit
 To write for Hoey's paper he only is fit.

X.

On Doctor Dennis.

Poor Dennis who once to a wig-block recited,
And old Serjeant Kite with a lame leg out-kited,
By Sancho preferred of immortal renown,
Instead of goose feathers may lie upon down.

X.

On the Rev. Mr. Simcox.

Simcox tho' shabby once and bare
In wig without one crooked hair;
Now thro' the parish rows in state,
Fond a proud goose to emulate.

X.



F I N I S.